Prologue

Four-times-four centuries out of view,
First born, then buried, then born anew,
Seth was my father, Eugnostos my groom,
Gongessos my midwife, Charaxio my tomb.
Through seventy summers the dust-cloud of gold
Released at my re-birth has brightly rolled
Around the globe - the Nile's gift of reeds
Kindled by knowledge and sowing light's seeds.
Though delivered third-hand to your perception,
I am, nonetheless, the Immaculate Conception.

© Phillip Medhurst 2015